

ORANGE:

1509/700

POLITICAL RHAPSODY.

—

CANTO I.

ECCE ITERUM!!

THE FOURTH EDITION.



DUBLIN:

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—
M,DCC,XCVIII,



THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

FINDING some passages of this rhapsody rather obscure, and being unable to discover the author, I had recourse to the aid of some literary friends, who have enabled me to explain them.

To these gentlemen I now return my thanks —in particular to the obliging P. R. who desires me to conceal his name; and to the young annotator, whose comments are distinguished by so remarkable a portion of hereditary accuteness.

*DUBLIN,
October 17th, 1797.*



ORANGE, &c.

CANTO I.

P.

WHY am I silent?—Why in times like these,
 When Vice and Treason lord it as they please—
 When G——n every hour our ear assails,
 With his mad grandfire's Jacobitish tales,
 And, with forgotten slanders, seeks to draw 5
 Contempt upon the honours of Nassau—
 When *****, blasted, black with every crime—
 The pimp, the cuckold, parasite, and mime,
 Without one claim to worth or honour, tries
 A patriot on the vulgar voice to rise— 10
 When public virtue is not found to soar,
 Beyond such things as F—r, T—e, and H—e.
 With conquering William's long established fame
 Sinks into rivalry with Grattan's name.—

In

Line 4.] It is not to be supposed, as some have idly done, that this renowned orator had no grandfather. I remember him very well; a mad Jacobine parson, hanging upon the humours of Dean Swift, and feeding the spleen and weakness of that great genius.

P. R.

Line 7. *****.] Who this means I am not able to guess; certainly no living character can deserve such attributes.—

Line 12.] F—r, T—e, H—e.] The first of these blanks is a real name, being intended to disguise a great man, who had a pretty

In vain old Boyne beheld his silver flood 15
 Stain'd with commingled streams of kindred blood,
 In vain did Aughrim's wild and barren plain,
 Tremble and groan beneath the heaps of slain—
 In vain did Limerick's now dismantled wall,
 See the last hopes of luckless Stuart fall— 20
 Vain were the glories of La Hogue, and vain
 The countless blessings of three Georges' reign—
 Since fell Democracy, of Gallic birth,
 Roams from her native den to plague the earth ;
 And brutal Bigotry on Erin's shore, 25
 Hails her with savage yell, and kindred roar,
 Demands her aid, a fellow fiend to save,
 And snatch expiring Popery from the grave ;
 To join, with frantic zeal, the mutual cause,
 And tear down William's church, and William's
 laws. 30

F.

But why thus speak in allegoric trope ?
 Mean you that France is bringing in the Pope ?
 If so, speak out ! but oh ! forbear to raise
 The false alarms of Titus Oates's days.

P. No !

pretty smattering of oratory in the late Parliament. What *T*— means, I am equally ignorant of ; and as for the last, I am inclined to guess it should rhyme to *soar*.—George Faulkner, jun.

Lines 15, 17, 19, 21.] Boyne, Aughrim, Limerick, and La Hogue, are the names of rivers in which great victories by land and sea were obtained by king William, of glorious memory ; he having been killed on a sorrel horse on his way to Kensington.
 G. F. jun.

Line 22.] George I. II. III. of whose reigns a very impartial history hath been lately written with great virulence by Dr. Belsham, a presbyterian parson ; and to be had at the printer's hereof.—*Ditto*.

Line 25.] Erin was the old name of Ireland.—*Dr. Ledwich*.

Line 34.] Titus Oates was a jesuit, and turned clergyman for a reward, which he got by prosecuting Lord Stafford and other popish priests.—G. F. jun.



No! though my soul the bigot race abhor, 35
 "I only slay them in the trade of war."
 Nor like the Puritan's malignant race,
 Would I their lives with perjur'd blood hounds
 chase;

For Russel's memory rouses all my hate,
 While I deplore the gentle Stafford's fate; 40
 And scorning Rome's infallible pretence,
 Can mourn with Pelham an afflicted Prince.

Forbear, my friend, to tempt the dangerous theme;
 Seek not, with puny strength, to check the stream.
 Let not your venturous rashness idly dare 45
 The midnight vengeance of the *Union Star*.
 And tho' the raging Northern Star be set,
 Beware the fury of the Cork Gazette!
 Malignant Gilbert on your life will scowl;
 And vulgar Cooney raise the murderous howl. 50

Think

Line 36.] "Tho' in the trade of war I have slain men,
 "Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
 "To do no contrived murder." *Shakespeare*.

Line 39.] Lord Russel, an ancestor of the present Duke of Bedford, who was beheaded for high treason with several others of that loyal family.—*G. F. jun.*

Line 40.] For the persecution of this innocent nobleman, see *Hume's England*, vol. viii. p. 112.

Line 42.] See Sir Hercules Langrishe's exultation upon the downfall of the Pope, as a temporal prince, and Mr. Pelham's spirited rebuke.—*5th May, 1795.*

Line 46.] Will posterity believe, can our contemporaries believe, that a publication is on foot in the city of Dublin, periodically devoting to the knives of the assassins a certain number of our fellow-subjects, obnoxious only for their loyalty?—*Vide Proclamation.*

Line 47.] The Northern Star, during its existence, kept up in Ulster those commotions which ceased on its suppression.

Line 48.] The Cork Gazette is also expired.

Line 49, 50.] The Evening and Morning Post. The former is conducted by a madman, named Magee, contrary to law; whose father-

Think how unlucky Swift had cause to rue,
At least, as mad a Protestant as you;
Nor hope for help; will cautious Faulkner dare,
For one unknown, to wage the wordy war?

P.

Alone, unaided, let me brave the field, 55
Nor meanly to superior numbers yield.
Arm'd with an honest pride, and patriot soul,
Who shall my heart's indignant rage controul?
Since no malicious spleen directs the dart,
Nor aims, like Swift, to rend a female heart, 60
Let the whole tribe their troop of scribblers rally,
From plodding Hardy down to Mac Anally;
Let coxcomb Burroughs wield the fribble pen,
And sulky Fletcher issue from his den,
Curran and Hoare, their kindred fouls combine, 65
And doubtful Sheridan their party join;
Tho' their discordant clamour rend the skies,
A LOYAL PROTESTANT their rage defies.

F. Why,

father-in-law; Mr. Gilbert, hath the trouble of doing all the mischief, and yet getteth none of the profit. The latter is very scurilous, and hath been in the pillory.—G. F. jun.

Line 51.] This is my journal, and, I hope, conducted with that due decorum for which myself, father, and uncle, have been famous long before my birth, which took place on or about June, 1779.—*Ditto.*

Line 62.] Messrs. Hardy and Mac Anally, two counsellors and writers of speeches. Those composed by the former, are spoken by that celebrated orator, Mr. Grattan, who is an original genius. Those made by the latter, are spoken by himself and other *defenders*, on their trials for High Treason.—*Ditto.*

Line 63, et seq.] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Bolingbroke, Mr. BURROUGHS,

Somers, - FLETCHER,

Themistocles, - HOARE,

Sarsfield, - CURRAN,

Kimbolton Ipse, } C. F. SHERIDAN.

Mute, &c. &c.

Memo:—None of these shall appear on my boards.—Fred: Jones.

E.

Why, this is madness ! Protestant alone [70
 Would damn you quite ;—but, to defend the throne,
 'Tis mere insanity.—Farewell ! I'm sure
 You're either past, or else not worth a cure.

P.

Farewell ! Good Heaven ! and do I see the time
 When Loyalty is only not a crime !
 When the deep ORANGE, and the azure BLUE,
 Conceal their blended dyes from public view ; 75
 When Naussa's memory, our great fathers boast,
 Lives only in an half forgotten toast ?—
 But tho' degenerate Irish, lost to shame,
 Should slight their great deliverer's sacred name, 85
 Shall they, whose fathers shed with him their blood,
 By Schomberg led o'er Boyne's disputed flood—
 Who followed Callimote at Glory's call—
 And saw their hated persecutors fall ;
 Saw coward James the raging contest leave, 15
 While doubtful conquest struggled with the wave—
 Shall men, whose fathers fill'd that gallant band,
 And shar'd their proud reward—the conquer'd land ;
 Shall they, with hot indignation, hear
 Their prince the butt of every coxcomb's sneer ? 90
 Or, with a guilty indolence retire,
 And ziew Sedition from the rising fire ?
 Shame on ye, Hugonots ! Your generons fires
 Resisted Popery even amidst her fires :

C

Tho'

Lines 82 and 83] Schomberg and Callimote, the Generals of the French Protestants on the 1st of July, 1690, when they encouraged their troops to victory by such expressions as these :

“ A la gloire, mes enfans—a la gloire.”

“ Voila vos persecuteurs.”

Leland.

Line 93] Hugonots, French Protestants so called, settled at Portarlington and other places by the revocation of the edict of Nantz.—*G. F. jun.*

Tho' madly loyal, yet renounc'd their king,
 And all the joys their native land could bring,
 Firm to the pure religion they profess'd—
 Retaining that, they freely gave the rest :
 And shall their sons be meanly now supice,
 When the two glorious principles combine ? 100
 When the same hearts that would their faith defend,
 Find in their sovereign its approved friend.
 All are not timid: see yon generous band,
 Whose manly spirit yet may save the land.
 True to the principles they dare pursue, 105
 Still twine the ORANGE with the LOYAL BLUE ;
 And blend together in one glorious cause,
 Their King, Religion, Liberty, and Laws.
 In vain shall Popery's malignant yell,
 In vain Democracy with voice of Hell, 110
 And venal orators—an hateful race—
 Arouse their currish scribblers to the chase.
 Aloof, the coward pack may howl and cry,
 This patriot band shall all their rage defy ;
 And onward urging, with unvarying toil, 115
 Shall save or perish on their native soil.
 Nor these alone the glorious cause support,
 Tho' now abondon'd by a cautious court ;
 That court, whose timid policy descends
 To sooth its enemies, and slight its friends ; 120
 And seeking in a prudent mean to steer,
 Make dubious friends—but enemies sincere.
 Manly and firm, tho' CAMDEN guide the state
 With honest pride, and conscious worth elate,
 Still

Line 103.] The Orange Lodges, which bid fair to support
 the glorious revolution principles of Religion and Government
 in spite of the united assaults of Messrs. Grattan, Byrne, Keogh
 and Co.—P. R.

Still must each bold resolve dalay to cool, 125
 In the chill prudence of the PORTLAND school.
 Tho' Foster's sense combine with vigorous Clare,
 Treason to daunt, and sell Sedition scare ;
 Yet popish L——e, or more Popish B——,
 With infincerity their force shall drown,
 And, by divided councils, weakly shew
 The State unable to contend with Keogh.

But see unshaken Duigenan boldly stand,
 And face with proud contempt the rebel band ;
 While his strong truth the prudent senate awes, 135
 And forces even from popery, applause ;
 Unaw'd by dread, by interest unrestrain'd,
 He only seeks for fatue by honour gain'd.
 And fix'd in principles, in truth sincere,
 Stands unseduc'd by favour or by fear. 140

Tired and disgusted with the venal crew,
 Too soon our OGLE from his post withdrew ;
 His glowing heart with patriot zeal inspir'd,
 Too soon with honest indignation fir'd. 144
 He turn'd, contemptuous, from the paltry tribe,
 Whose soul is interest, and whose GOD a bribe !

And

Line 129.] L——e. This gentleman is an ingenious poet and baronet, being the author of Catholic Emancipation, and several copies of obscene yerxes, which he handeth about amongst the young ladies of his acquaintance.---G. F. jun.

B——e. This gentleman is not a defender, neither doth he live in the County of Kildare ; he is a privy counsellor ; in parliament for the County of M——o---*Ditto*.

Line 132.] Doctor Duigenan insisteth that this is not rhyme, in as much as *shew* and *lough*, would not rhyme together ; which he saith, is the true and natural pronunciation of the word Keogh.---*Ditto*.

Line 142.] The Right Honourable George Ogle, who has, to the unspeakable lo's of the Protestant cause, retired from Parliament. The County which he represented has, however, as an handsome tribute to his spirit, elected a Protestant Gentleman to succeed him.---P. R.

And too unmindful of his country's call,
Abandon'd them and her to meet their fall.

On no one man depends our country's fate,
Tho' e'er so good, so noble, and so great. 150
Does not the charter'd fortrefs of our Laws,
The proud metropolis sustain her cause?
Do not her loyal Citizens oppose
At once their King's, and their religion's foes?
Did not their justice spurn the base Ingrate 155
Who both insulted and betray'd their state?
Did they not drive the viper to his hole,
With his own venom to corrode his soul?
Did they not drive him from the chearful light,
An hateful reptile, odious to the sight? 160
So did old Tredagh send her faithleſs swain,
To seek her seats beyond the Western main.
So did his—Hold! the dead demand repose.
There let him rest, forgot by friends and foes.

Tho' Charlemont fast dropping from the stage, 165
May trim or tremble, imbecile with age,
His former steadiness our praise demands,
When he restrain'd mad Ulster's furious bands.

When the fly Presbyter his weakness found, 170
And saw how vain his strength the church to wound,
With

Line 152.] The metropolis has from the beginning opposed the late ill-advised innovations. Their representative took the first opportunity in his power to insult and betray them. He privately solicited a re-election, which not being likely to befall him, he, like the Fox in the fable, affected to despise the object which he could not hope to attain.—P. R.

Line 161.] *Tredagh.* The ancient name of Drogheda.

“ Oft on a car, Buvindus saw me ride.

“ From Tredagh's towers along his verdant sides.”

Preston's Poems, vol. 1. p. 41.

Faithleſs Swain.] The late J——F——s, esq.

With native craft, he sought a dear ally,
 Even in the hated form of Popery.
 Long have they labour'd with increasing hate
 Each of the other, both against the state ;
 Even yet they hope, from malice well combin'd, 175
 Their grand reward in anarchy to find.

To check this league did Charlemont stand forth,
 Great in his character of patriot worth,
 Treason appall'd, shrank from his awful eye,
 And Faction saw her dearest prospects die, 180
 Until, alas ! th' expiring spark was blown
 Into fresh fury, by the breath of TONE.

Shade of Eliza, bending from the skies,
 Behold a popish seminary rise !
 Behold ! even those upon your bounty fed, 185
 By sordid fear, or sordid interest led,
 Worship the golden Idol of the day,
 And at his shrine their adoration pay ;
 And heedless of your glory, or their own,
 By popish aliens represent the Gown. 190

But why on Alma waste an angry thought ?
 Have not our clergy the infection caught ?
 Have not the dirty tricks of Party trade,
 Placed on the reverend Bench a RENEGADE ?

Does

Line 177.] The answer of this venerable and patriotic nobleman to the Belfast address in 1784, delayed for nearly eight years the combined assault of papists and presbyterians on the established church and constitution.---P. R.

Line 190.] The College of Dublin, founded by that Protestant princess Elizabeth, returns two members to Parliament ; one of their own body, who is a firm and loyal Protestant, was lately rejected, and a person, not even educated therein, but who had the merit of having always supported, and even outran the wishes of Popery, was returned. *Quod testor indignans.*---P. D.

Does not the Cumbrian priest in strains uncouth, 195
 Courting base popery, slight the cause of truth?
 And do they hope their foes to reconcile,
 By abject baseness and submission vile?
 Liffey, as soon his refluent waves shall turn
 Back to the hills, to seek their native urn— 200
 Sooner Blaquire shall scorn to seek a job,
 Or Duigenan court applauses from a mob—
 Loftus as soon a sinking cause support—
 Or Tommy Burgh declaim against the court—
 Carhampton sooner fear th' assassin's knife 205
 Or C—rr—n vindicate his injur'd wife—
 As soon shall * * * * dispense the laws—
 And free from passion fairly hear a cause—
 Forbear to whimper at a rebel's fate—
 Or crush a soldier with the law's whole weight— 210
 George become savage;—Downes a bribe receive—
 Or Chamberlaine refuse a short reprieve—
 Sooner Latouche at misery shall rejoice—
 Or Toler hate the sound of his own voice—
 Than Popery shall a Protestant forgive— 215
 Or suffer subject heretics to live.—

Oh! souls of Butler, Knipe, and Hamilton,
 Where is our pity for your sufferings gone?:
 Where that proud feeling of indignant rage, [220
 Which endless war shou'don your murderers wage?
 It sinks and chills to cold and prudent fear,
 Politeness would not shock a murderer's ear,

And

Line 213.] That most excellent woman Mrs. P. Latouche, whose charities, extensive as they are, are too limited for her benevolent heart.

Line 219.] It hath of late been much the practice with Protestant Clergymen to get themselves murdered, in order to obtain a provision for their wives and families. This, a very sensible person, a Roman Catholic, hath assured me, was the case with the above three gentlemen, the first of whom was a bachelor.—G. F. jun.

And Policy, so gentle, condescends
To treat with murderers as our worthy friends.

But, tho' the **Many** by Sedition led, 225
May turn and tear the hand that gives them bread,
Let not our indiscriminating hate,
Class the whole **sect** as hostile to the state ;
Where gentle blood, or learning's gentler power,
Have smil'd auspicious on the natal hour, 230
Kenmare or Bellew, bold in ancient pride,
May stem Sedition, in her wildest tide ;
Moylan or Troy, with Christian eloquence,
May soothe the madding multitude to sense ; 235
And tho' Back-lane should wield the threat'ning rod
Teach the wild herd to love their King and God.

No ! 'tis the rancour of a bigot mind,
With traitorous democracy combin'd,
Such as in Hussey's *pastoral* is seen,
Offspring of malice, virulence and spleen ; 240
Such as the vulgar crew were glad to vent,
In their disloyal Back-lane Parliament ;
Such as, while Treason last approach'd the Throne,
Dropp'd from the pen of Secretary **TONE** ;
Such

Line 239.] Dr. Hussey, Titular Bishop of Waterford, who hath lately written a very pretty *pastoral* in prose, entitled an Address to his Clergy, in which, amongst other things, he clearly proveth, that the Roman Catholic religion is fitter for a republic than a monarchy.—*G. F. jun.*

Line 244.] Mr. **TONE**, secretary to the Popish committee, and now *supposed* to be an exile in America. He was the original mover of Sedition in Ireland, under the auspices of Napper Tandy. He was engaged in Jackson's treason, and the Popish affairs at the same time, and offered to carry information from this country to France, provided he were well paid for his trip to England with the Delegates. An unexampled lenity suffered him to escape Justice ; a lenity which there is too much reason to fear may yet prove to have been very mischievous to this kingdom.—*P. R.*

Such as in Francis-street was heard to flow 245
 From Byrne and Braughall, Levinge, Burke, and
 Keogh.

Tis this excites mine anger—this my soul—
 Would lash from earth to hell—from pole to pole.
 Nor shall unmanly fear my soul dismay—
 No ! let me drag the monsters into day ; 250
 My much-belov'd brethren of their danger warn,
 And bigot treason hold to public scorn.

Why fear ? in conscience, rectitude secure,
 Unplac'd, yet loyal—tho' not noble, pure.
 Tho' far from rich, of independent mind— 255
 And tho' not shrewd, not obstinately blind,
 Why should I fear ? Their Union Star may rage,
 And with malignant guessings fill the page ;
 Unknown to all, my name obscure shall rest,
 Lock'd in the secrets of my single breast. 260
 But, if my sacrifice could serve the cause,
 My King---religion, or my country's laws,
 The self-devoted Decii's frantic deed,
 The madman Curtius, or his madder friend,
 Behind me far in History's page should fall, 265
 And my prompt sacrifice outdo them all :
 Popish Sedition would I still defy,
 And as I live,---a Loyal ORANGE die,



END OF CANTO I.

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